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A

New Miscellany
o f
Court SONGS.



PART I.

23

A

New Miscellany O F *Court SONGS.*

P A R T I.

C O N T A I N I N G

- I. ROBIN's Glory: Or, The Procession of the new Knights of the Bath. To the Tune of, *Te Commons and Peers*, &c.
- II. The Bristol Candidates. To the Tune of, *Which no Body can deny*.
- III. ROBIN will be out at last. To the Tune of, *Te Commons and Peers*. &c.
- IV. The Coffee-house Address. To the Tune of, *Chevy-Chase*.
- V. The Totnes Address to his new Majesty King *George II*.

L O N D O N:

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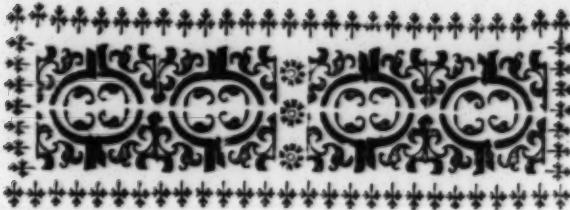
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To

All



ROBIN's *Glory: Or, The Procession of the new Knights of the Bath.*

MY Masters give Ear,
And a Story you'll hear
Of a fine Raree-Show and a Garter,
Ne'er was seen such a Sight,
Since *Tom Thumb* was a Knight,
In the Days of our noble King *Arthur.*

2.

When King *George* was abroad,
'Twas a Season thought good,
To shew us King *Robin* in Glory,
With his Squires in a Row,
And his Knights two by two,
All as gallant as Sir *John Dory.*

3.

E'en Baronets here
Humble Squires did appear,

B

6 *A New MISCELLANY*

And Members were proud of the Station ;
And who wou'd not be still
For the Civil List Bill,
To have a Place in a Sham Coronation ?

4.

They all walk'd, but their Prince
Did with Riding dispense,
And with Bathing a troublesome Rite-a ;
For he knew 'twas in vain,
They cou'd ne'er be wash'd clean,
Any more than a Black-a-more white-a.

5.

In the Abbey that Day,
Men did all things but pray ;
There was Ale, Wine, and Gin for the Rabble,
Such Doings unclean
In a Church ne'er was seen,
Since the Days that old *Paul's* was a Stable.

6.

In the Isles, if you please,
You your Bodies might ease,
By the Suff'ring at least of your Betters,
O Stankope ! had'st thou
Been alive but till now,
To have seen a Jakes made of *St. Peter's*.

of Court Songs.

7

7.

An odd Way they all took
Thro' a blind crooked Nook
In the Church, for their Robes to be seen-a ;
But then Scaffolds had they,
To direct them the Way,
Where they seldom or never had been-a.

8.

After this, then they took
An odd Oath with the Book,
In the Days of old Popery known-a.
To be true all their Lives
To all Women but Wives,
To all Ladies excepting their own-a.

9.

Which Oath, if they broke,
Then their Sovereign's Cook
Was to hack off the Spurs of each Don-a,
But 'twas much if he cou'd,
For his Eyes must be good,
To discern that they had any on-a.

10.

Then this being done,
To their Dinner they run,
With Stomachs so sharp and so keen-a,

B 2

8 *A New MISCELLANY*

Without Grace they fall to,
As they used to do,
Never minding their Chaplain the Dean-a.

II.

To the closing of all,
They at Night had a Ball,
Where their Damsels were dreft to receive 'em :
What farther was done,
Will be better unknown,
For 'tis decent that here we should leave 'em.

The Bristol Candidates.

I.

To Mercury once, the great Patron of Trade,
Three Sons of the *Change* their Petitions
convey'd
To be *Bristol* and his Representatives made :
Which no Body can deny.

2.

The God, who the City had greatly in Favour,
Bid each make a Bill of his Worth and Behaviour,
And then he'd consult with his conjuring Beau-
ver, *Which, &c.*

3.

In truth the Dispute was so easy to try,
There needed no conjuring Rod to be nigh,
For their Merits were seen with the Half of an
Eye,

Which, &c.

4.

First *Scoop* he came in with much Grace and
Decorum,
For he was a Judge and his Father before him,
And could wrangle and scold— like the Mother
that bore him, *Which, &c.*

5.

Besides he pretended a Family Call,
In one Martyr's Chapel to challenge a Stall,
Who had sent up another, as known to ye all,
Which, &c.

6.

To this God of all Robbers he thought no ill
Thing,
Thirty Thousand Pound Draw-back in Merit to
bring,
Which for Love of the City he'd stole from the
King,
Which, &c.

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7.

'The God not displeas'd with his Brother in Sin,
Who could thus with that *Argos* th' Exchequer
begin,
Bid him hope for the best, and let them laugh
that win,

Which, &c.

8.

Good *Hart* next came in with his provident
Face,
And pleaded his Traffick, and numerous Race,
And begg'd he would save him a second Dis-
grace, *Which, &c.*

9.

The Deity took his Deserts by the Great,
And weighing his Claim with the Custom Re-
ceipt,
He gave the fair Trader good Hopes of a Seat,
Which, &c.

10.

Great *Elton* with Cringes and honey-blown
Words,
And Sentences soft as his Mother's new Curds,
Came next to the Bench, where no Chaffcatches
Birds, *Which, &c.*

of Court Songs.

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11.

He spoke of Sir *Aby*, and young *Aby* too,
And his Daughters as fair as the Milk that they
drew,
Of what he had done—and what he could do.
Which, &c.

12.

Yes, Sir, says the Godhead, so clean are your
Ways,
One would think that your Grandfather liv'd to
these Days,
When I draw the next Leaf— I'll remember
your Face, *Which, &c.*

13.

Till then, I beseech you, disturb me no more,
Nor think of St. Stephen's, unless tis the Door,
There rub out the Chalk, and begin a new Score,
Which, &c.

14.

They all went about to give Thanks, or Reply,
When the God spread his Wings, and sprung up
to the Sky,
And a *Scoop* and a *Hart* was the general Cry.
Which, &c.

ROBIN will be out at last.

1.

GOOD People draw near,
And a Tale you shall hear,
A Story concerning one *Robin*,
Who, from not worth a Groat,
A vast Fortune has got,
By Politicks, Bubbles and Jobbing.

Fa, la.

2.

But a few Years ago,
As we very well know,
He scarce had a Guinea his Fob in ;
But by bribing of Friends,
To serve his dark Ends,
Now worth a full Million is *Robin*.

Fa, la.

3.

That his Bags he might fill,
He brought in a Bill,
Intitled, *An Act against Mobbing* ;
But 'twas only a Law
To keep us in Awe,
From rising in Arms against *Robin*.

Fa, la.

4.

Each Post he hath fill'd
With Wretches unskill'd
In all other Arts except Fobbing ;
For no Men of Sense
Would ever commence
Such prostitute Creatures of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

5.

By the same worthy Means
We have Bishops and Deans
As dull as blind *Bayard* or *Dobbin*,
That both Church and State
Draw near to their Date
By the excellent Measures of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

6.

What a Stir hath he made
About Commerce and Trade,
About *China*-ware, Lace and Bobbing,
But it's very well known,
That all this was done,
To skreen other Projects of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

7.

How oft hath he swore,
That he'd save *Gibraltore*,

C

14 *A New MISCELLANY*

With a Face full as grave as Judge Probyn,
Yet still like the Church,
It is left in the Lurch
By the Treaties and Juggles of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

8.

As oft hath he said,
That our Debts should be paid,
And the Nation be eas'd of her Throbbing ;
Yet on Tick we still run,
For the true Sinking Fund
Is the bottomless Pocket of *Robin*.

Fa, la.

9.

Then at length would you be
From such foul Usage free,
From Armies, hard Taxes and Jobbing ;
You must join Heart and Hand,
And by each other stand,
To pull down the Plunderer *Robin*.

Fa, la.

10.

Come then let a full Glass
Round the King and Queen pass,
Who will ease our disconsolate Sobbing ;
For (if rightly I ween)
Such a good King and Queen
Will give no Protection to *Robin*.

Fa, la.

The Coffee-house Address.

OLD Bung a second Summons sent
To all the Babes of Grace,
To rendezvous again, and meet
Him at the usual Place.

The Whiggs run staring to the Crown,
And crave th' important News !
Says Bung, I seldom meet you here,
Without some Righteous Views.

The last Religious Plot we fram'd
To gain the Negative,
Had such Success, you'll ne'er despair
As long as Bung's alive.

The Tories saw, and struggl'd hard
To get out of the Snare !
But 'twas so well and wisely laid,
By G—d, I nick'd 'em there.

But now another Scene appears,
Requires all our Aid ;
Must new invent, or play again
The Tricks already play'd.

With Grief of Soul I here repeat,
Our Great Protector's dead !

16 *A New MISCELLANY*

Is on the sudden gone, and all
Our Hopes in him are fled.

Another King is risen up,
A King who knows not *Bung* ;
Or what is worse, knows him too well,
I fear, to trust him long.

The cursed *Tories* pay their Court
And Homage to the Crown,
(And Z—ds if we don't look out sharp,
The *Whiggs* must hang or drown)

They late drew up a damn'd Address,
That much expos'd our Sores ;
But I trump'd up the Negative,
And kick'd it out of Doors.

Twas full of Loyalty, and Vows
Of Duty to the King,
But here and there was interspers'd
A damn'd confounded Sting.

They must have Trade restor'd forsooth,
And flourish as before !
And pray *Gibraltar* may be kept,
And paid the Nation's Score.

Had we not had a Negative,
This fine Address had pass'd,
And we had fairly been expos'd
For Knaves or Fools at last.

But disappointed they apply,
And claim another Court ;
But we took Care t' advise the May'r,
And once more spoil'd their Sport.

But now to make our Work compleat,
And all the *Tories* mad,
We must resolve no *Tory*'s Hand
Shall to th' Address be had.

Let us with Speed a new one draw
(Inveigh against the Other)
Let it be sign'd by *Jack* and *Tom*,
And ev'ry zealous Brother.

This *Coffee-house* Address we'll call
A Corporation Act,
And with our usual Modesty,
Will swear 'tis true in Fact.

In numerous Coaches to the Court
We will in Triumph go ;
If *Tories* hiss, the *Whiggs* shall laugh,
And call't a *Raree-flow*.

If this succeeds, as we all wish,
'Tis all the Joy I crave ;
Or my Grey Hairs 'twil soon bring down
With Sorrow to the Grave.

*The Totnes ADDRESS to His
new Majesty King George II.
Presented in the first Year of
His Glorious Reign, Styl. Vet.*

WE, who not long ago profest,
That *George* alone cou'd make us blest,
With Grief recant, and freely own,
That *George* the Kingdom has undone.
For why ? he bilk'd the State and Church,
And left his People in the Lurch :
He dy'd abroad without Consent
Of Ministry or Parliament.
(Had *Wills* or *Wager* been but there,
Death had not dar'd to come so near)

But why lament we this Disaster ?
He broke our Head, but gave a Plaister.
Rejoice ye *British* Boys, rejoice
With Hands and Feet, with Heart and Voice ;
For tho' the best of Kings is gone,
H'has left behind him such a Son——
A Son whose *Sun-beams* shall oppose,
And dissipate our Cloud of Woes ;
Shall warm and cherish his Allies,
But scorch *Faith-breaking* Enemies.

O gracious Sir, to whom we owe
All the Delight, that Mortals know,
As, to your Father we did tender
All, all our Fortunes, tho' but slender ;
We'll now one *Free-will Off'ring* add,
And give you more than e'er we had.
To be more plain, Great Sir, and brief,
We'll sum our Wishes in an *If*.
If *Brafs* were *Silver*, *Silver Gold*,
And *Money* were for nothing sold,
If *Totnes* did with *Wealth* abound,
And cou'd afford an *Hundred Pound*,
To you we'd give it all most willing,
Nor for our selves reserve one *Shilling*.
Thus *Spain's* *Armadoes*, *German* *Hofts*,
Shou'd soon acknowledge to their *Cofts*,
That *George* o'er *Europe* bears the *Sway*,
And that *Totnesians* him obey.

F I N I S.





